factory cell and the woman was the organizer of the local S-D organization. I looked at my watch and saw that it was nearly eleven o'clock.

"When should we go?" I asked Pavel.

"We still have an hour," he answered. "At midnight we shall get two crews at the point."

"What should I talk about?" The woman threw up her hands.

"How do you like that?" she complained, "we kill ourselves getting ready for a meeting, and they send us a speaker who asks what he should say!"

Pavel said meditatively, "Few of our people have been to the city meetings, so whatever you say will be new to them. But you must impress them. . . . Tell them something about the revolution. . . . And about socialism, of course. . . . People are also interested in the eight-hour day. . . . Say something about labor unions and the party. . . . The French Revolution might fit, too. Surely, explain about the Constituent Assembly. Our workers are ignorant, practically muzhiks. . . . Tell them also about the land reform . . ."

"Halt, comrade," I interrupted. "How much time shall I have?"

"Who can tell? You can stay as long as people will stay or until the police arrive. . . ."

"This helps me a lot," I remarked.

We sat together in an awkward silence, I thinking of my speech, Pavel watching the clock. At last he said, "Let's go." He looked at my hat and said disapprovingly, "No good. . . . We have a better one, in case of Cossacks. . . ." And he handed me a big fur hat that covered my head like a helmet.

We went through deserted streets, along fences, crossing empty lots, and sloshing in mud. I thought of my speech. If only I knew how to start! Pavel stopped. Two wooden fences met at an obtuse angle at our right. In the darkness, the field around seemed endless. Dim lights marked streets far away.

Pavel whistled lightly. A cautious cough answered from the darkness. Three shadows separated themselves from the fence and came nearer.

"Pavel?"

"With the speaker. What about your end?"

"Everything is all right. Ivan has jammed the lock at the new gate. Everyone will come this way."

"Where's Stepka?"

"With the gang."

"And the patrols?"

"The Old Man is in front of the police station. All posts manned."